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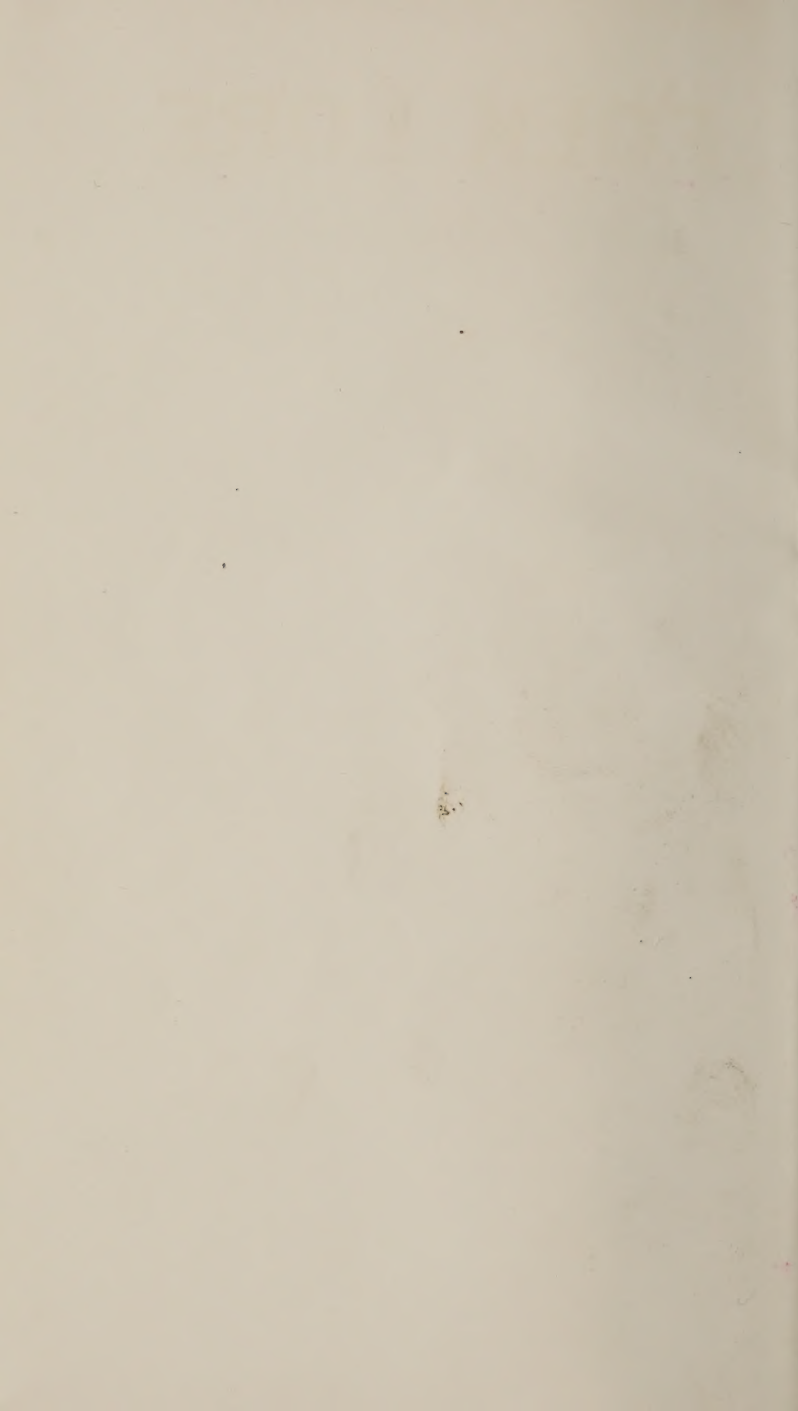
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FOLK LORE

~ ~ Why CALLED ~ ~

: SHADES OF DEATH :

BETTY BAKER - BETTY BAKER DEPOT - SYLVATWS
BETTY BAKER MINES

THE BLIND TIGER

LAMBSBURG

HILLSVILLE

CRANBERRY PLAINS (PIES)—CARROLLTOWN
HILLSVILLE

WRITTEN

COMPILED and PRINTED
by

W. R. MORRIS
FOGGY CAMP FARM
FANCY GAP VIRGINIA

Vol. 4

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~ ~ WHY CALLED ~ ~ : SHADES OF DEATH:

SYLVATUS LODGE No. 220 I. O. O. F.

Sylvatus, Carroll Co., Virginia

Organized February 9th, 1901.

The following is a list of Officers and members in 1903.

R. P. Gallimore, Sit. P. G.
 R. B. Williams, N. G.
 J. F. Quesinberry, R. S. to N. G.
 R. M. Owens, L. S. to N. G.
 B. E. Worrell, V. G.
 A. L. Richardson, R. S. to V. G.
 R. A. Browder, L. S. to V. G.
 Dr. L. Slusher, Rec. Sect.
 N. J. Worrell, Financial Sect.
 L. M. Dalton, Inside Gdn.
 J. C. Edwards, Outside Gdn.
 J. C. Quesinberry, Treas.
 J. R. Lovell, Chap.
 Graham Childress, R. S. Supporter
 H. R. M. Lovell, L. S. Supporter
 C. W. Childress, Cond.
 J. W. Martin, War.

Other members—J. T. Kemp, J. W. Williams, J. B. Hurst, Thomas A. Jennings, J. F. M. Jennings, P. E. Jennings, T. L. Marshall, William Allen, Alexander Bonds, Robert J. Beasley, J. E. Bryant, Bert Boyd, Allen Dalton, W. M. Dalton, T. F. Davis, R. M. Farmer, A. D. Goad, S. R. Lawson, J. L. Gardner, M. D. Martin, J. A. McPeak, Frank Osborn, R. M. Pugh, Thomas Phillips, R. L. Quesinberry, Gabriel Quesinberry, Charlie Richardson, B. R. Roach, Gabriel Surratte, R. L. Sayers, A. J. Sayers, A. P. Surratt, J. T. Sams, John M. Snow, Willie

Steele, A. J. Sheler, W. J. Tolbert, R. W. Vinson, J. W. Williams, J. T. Wolf, C. M. Whitley, E. H. Wyrick, Robert K. Vaughn, Lee Caudle, J. R. Cannoy, R. F. Body, J. P. Osborn, O. F. Callahan, S. M. Rudesell, W. H. Tolbert, John Carpenter, C. C. Alley, Lee Spencer, U. N. Quesinberry, Simeon Bonds, C. G. Lindsey, G. L. Lawson, A. L. Richardson, Alex. Akers, L. T. Stoneman, Henry Snow, James H. Brooks, B. B. Lundy, H. W. Farmer, G. W. Keeth, Frank Ogle, A. J. Ogle, Thomas Martin, W. R. Christley, J. A. Finley, D. S. Lane, D. L. McPeak, J. C. Chandler, James A. Farris, Lee Bonds, Maten Mabry, Peter Mabry, O. Roberts, J. S. Quesinberry, and William Safewright.

Picnic picture page one—Sponsored by Independent Order of Odd Fellows, July 4th, 1904. Notice no automobiles or trucks.

The tall two story building you see in the picture was built by the Odd Fellows of the Sylvatus community in the year 1903 (L. J. Smith and Norman J. Worrell, Contractors). Soon after this building was built the first floor of the building was leased to the Methodist people for a period of twenty years for them to use as their Church Sanctuary. The Odd Fellows held their meetings on the second floor.

After the Methodist abandoned the building it was occupied by the Sylvatus Bank, and the Sylvatus Post Office in the rear of the building. Mrs. Arther B. (Annie E.) Gallimore, Post Mistress.

The building burned in 1946. The new Methodist Church now stands a little north of where the Odd Fellows hall stood.

Sylvatus Post Office, named in memory of Sylvatus Smith, a son of Gabriel Smith.

Most of the land in and around Sylvatus once belonged to the Smith family who were among the first settlers of that community.

The people you see in the picture had gathered from the surrounding country for a Fourth of July celebration in 1904.

At this celebration and picnic, there were horse races, parade by Confederate soldiers from the surrounding community which numbered more than one hundred. Odd Fellows parade, with the band of that day. Personal—many of whom had served in the Confederate Army. The Spanish-American War Veterans were on parade and re-enacted some of the ways dealt in combating the enemy in the war of 1898.

There were no cars but covered wagons drawn by horses, mules and oxen, known as the horse and buggy days. Many hundreds of people attended this celebration, many of them walking many miles and known as a gala time, still remembered by the older people of to-day.

Capt. W. H. Sutherland's daughter, Alice Howard, along with other names not remembered, rode show horses. Alice Howard won a \$5.00 prize.

In the picture page two—Gus Mitchell is riding the black kicking mule. The mule kicked so bad till Gus had to ride under a tree, grab a limb and let the mule kick from under him. Aaron Worrell rode the grey mule sitting backward on the mule. Posie Osborn rode a bull and Rube Akers punched the bull with a small end of an umbrella pole and the bull threw Posie to the ground, he was so badly injured he was not able to finish the ride through Sylvatus. They were dressed as clowns.

The building in the fore-ground is the store building built by Mat Martin. The building still stands but has been repaired a number of times. The Dalton wholesale house is still standing on east side of Rock Creek.

Other early buildings were Luke Thompson Mill in North Sylvatus near Rt. 100. Little Sam Wheeler built

a mill about two miles down the creek from Sylvatus which is still operating and owned by Meef J. Quesinberry. A man by the name of Griffin had a black-smith shop across the highway from the Thompson mill.

Sylvatus—First called "SHADES OF DEATH". Why we do not know. It is said the first trail down those little streams were shaded by a forest of pines on each side of the trail were so thick with over-hanging boughs till the sunlight could not shine through, and reminded one of walking in the twilight. It may have taken the name "Shades of Death" from the lonely shady trail down this valley. Indians may have taken advantage of the twilight darkness to attack the white man who happened to pass that way in which a human life was lost by murderous violence.

Abb Thompson's father (name forgotten) was one of the early settlers of "SHADES OF DEATH."

Dr. (name forgotten), mixed and made pills to cure all ills and squills, lived there at a very early date.

The Baker family were among the early settlers "Shades of Death". Later called "BETTY BAKER" in memory of one of the old residents "Aunt Betty Baker".

Abner Bryant, was a nearby resident, a very old man, died about 1885. Other old residents were—Billy Graveley, Jonathan Richardson, John and Billy Black, Jimmy Boyd, and many others whose names are unknown.

Some of the early preachers remembered were—Rev. Bob Sheffey, the praying preacher. A story goes like this—Rev. Sheffey came to the Sylvatus community during a very dry spell, when it looked as if the corn crop was ruined. Brother Sheffey prayed for rain and ended his prayer by saying "Now Lord we do not want a gully washer, but a nubbin stretcher."

Rev. P. L. Cobb, as early as 1892, and many others whose names I could not learn.

Rev. Conner, with the help of Rev. T. D. Strader, then pastor of Hillsville Methodist Circuit, held a tent revival at Sylvatus about 1900. Some think the tent was near the present school building site and that there was a small school building there at that time. There were two incidents worth mentioning—Frank Tipton, a school mate of mine said—Rev. T. D. Strader was sprinkling a small child, the child looked up at Rev. Strader and said—“You d—n fool.” A little girl while being sprinkled said—“Uh! Mommy, that water is cold.”

Some sixty years ago Sylvatus was a thriving little mining village with four bar-rooms. It's sleepers being aroused at all hours at night by the rumble of horse and mule drawn wagons loaded with block-ade whiskey.

There is a different story today; instead of the four bar-rooms there are four churches. The whiskey wagons have been replaced by trucks and cars loaded with produce and merchandise silently rolling down its paved streets. The shouts and curses of the drunkard are gone, but now you will hear the boys and girls singing their love songs; the older ones the old familiar sacred songs, without fear of those who once roamed their streets. The mining equipment is gone and cattle graze on the mining fields. They no longer hear the whistle of the freight train locomotive; trucking lines have taken its place.

SYLVATUS—the Lord thy pasture will prepare,
And feed you with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall your wants supply,
And guard you with a watchful eye;
Your noon-day walks he shall attend,
Your mid-night hours he will defend. See Ps. 23.

SHADES of DEATH—the king of words;
Oh! rest in thy green-turf grave,
In-tombed—Oh! death that solumn word.
Storms will forever disturb your grave;
Rest forever with an marked tomb.
Till heaven shall reveal the secret gloom.

LAMBSBURG LODGE No. 131 I. O. O. F.

Lambsburg, Carroll Co., Virginia

Organized April 15th, 1901

Picnic picture on last page—Sponsored by Lambsburg Lodge 1902, on the Mt. Carroll Methodist Church grounds.

Kneeling, first row—James M. Lyons, Friel Hawks, fourth man down—Lawrence Hawks, Willie Combs, Lon Beamer, Joe Ayers, others not known. Kneeling, second row—Cabell Rector, George Smith, fifth man down row—Fult Bircham, others not known. Standing —boy, Jesse Lawrence Morris; Fleming, Flag bearer W. R. Morris; W. S. Morris. L. W. Smith, Hillary Jones. —Carico, W. E. Speas, June O. Speas, second from Speas—J. W. Smith; down facing left—Mathews. Many of those in the picture were from Coal Creek, Galax and other places.

Officers in 1903 were—

J. M. Lyons, Sit. P. G.

J. O. Speas, N. G.

T. D. Hatcher, R. S. to N. G.

A. F. Bircham, L. S. to N. G.

Raleigh C. Mitchell, V. G.

W. C. Strickland, R. S. to V. G.

J. M. Lyons, L. S. to V. G.

J. H. Johnson, Chap.

L. W. Smith, Sect.

J. W. Smith, Treas.

W. R. Morris, Inside Gdn.

W. E. Speas, Outside Gdn.

D. L. Hawks, R. S. Supr.

E. C. Bolen, L. S. Supr.

W. M. Combs, War.

H. Quesinberry, Cond.

Soon after this date Lambsburg Lodge surrendered its charter and I moved my membership to Woodlawn No. —, thence to Coal Creek Lodge No.— and March 9, 1926 moved my membership to Salem Lodge No. 36, Winston-Salem, N. C., where I went through all the chairs and am now a Past Grand and Past Chief Patriarch.

I joined Lambsburg Lodge No. 131 June, 1901.

Lambsburg, got its name from Jahu Lamb, one of its early settlers and he was its first postmaster.

Daniel Carlin (Woodrow Bedsaul says Dr. Carlin) (wife's name Elizabeth), was granted land south of Lambsburg in 1790. He built a mill on Stewarts Creek. The box mill race ran high over the wagon road and often got the corn or meal wet when walking or driving under the mill race as it leaked badly.

David Payne was another early settler, granted land on Stewarts Creek in 1787. Molly Armstrong, Alias Gulling and Martin Dagal (wife Morning), owned land near Lambsburg in 1789. Harden Hawks, Geo. Harston (may be Harston) and John Spencer in 1802. Batterham, owned land west of Lambsburg. The most prominent family was Abraham Hawks, granted land near Lambsburg in 1790. Tradition tells us that Abraham was married three times and had twenty four children. Two by his first wife. Children were—Alfred Hawks, at one time lived where Fayette Hawks later lived. Henry Hawks, lived east of Lambsburg, and had a son, Friel Hawks, lived about the center of Lambsburg. Friel's daughter married Pete Bedsaul and lived at the old home place.

Thomas Hawks, had a mill at the foot of Flour Gap, west of Lambsburg.

Nathaniel (Than) Hawks, born Jan. 22, 1810, died June 19, 1896, married Nancy Hanks, born Sept. 25, 1821, died Dec. 2, 1909 (dates from headstone), they

are buried at Mt. Carroll Methodist Church. Others were Solomon, Adam, Harden, Edward, from whom Gollihugh Hawks descended. Drury Hawks was granted land on Pauls Creek in the 1790's. Robert (Bob) Hawks on Pauls Creek, had sons—Dick and Shack. Hught Hawks, had sons Ambrose and Ellis.

There was a James (Jim) Hawks, had sons—Hence, Sherd and Willie; a daughter Mary Hawks Rippy. Calvin Hawks, had sons—Legrand and Wilburn.

Jeff Hawks, a very notable character, lived at the Jeff Hawks bend in the Piper Gap Mountain. Across the road from the home of Mr. Hawks was a liquor store (blind tiger style). (Now a "Blind Tiger" is a very small building with no windows and the door locked on the outside most of the time, barrel of whiskey inside that seldom runs dry, with a U. S. stamp glued on one end and a license to sell not less than one gallon at a time tacked on the wall. On the side or back of this building is a sliding drawer; you put your bottle holding less than one gallon and your money in this drawer push it inside, soon out comes your bottle of whiskey but no money).

On a Saturday night a number of us Odd Fellows were walking up the mountain on our way home and noticed the door of the liquor store open. Thomas Hatcher, a Deputy Sheriff aroused Mr. Hawks from his slumbers and on investigation found the barrel of whiskey missing.

It has been said that at one time you could walk down the street of Lambsburg and see whiskey stills almost in a stones throw of the street in operation; now they have been replaced by a graded school and a number of churches. The liquor stores by grocery and fruit stores, so quiet makes one feel lonely at times compared with its early days.

In a suit in the Circuit Court, between two prominent block-aders in which a railroad car of corn and about

In the middle of this story let us pause for a few moments to pay honor and respect to those who have been so faithful in helping me gather this information in this short epistle of the early settlers in the three little villages. Each of us regretting that we have waited till this late date to gather and write the historical records of our early settlers who failed to leave records of their coming to the settlements.

I wish to acknowledge, and my cordial thanks are hereby given to those who have given valuable assistance. I cannot express in words my obligation to them.

This history has been arranged relating to, and containing an account of past events in the order as it was possible for me to place it. I want to assure you it has been a pleasure to meet and work with all who have taken a part in this work. Also my sincere thanks to Mrs. Cecil V. Dalton, Albert Gallimore, Arthur B. Gallimore and Aaron Worrell, for furnishing pictures to make the plates for reprint in this book.

Graveyards and weird stories mark and tell the history of the area around the little villages. In the old graveyards sleep those who made it possible for us to enjoy the luxuries which we are enjoying to-day. To them we owe a debt of gratitude we can never pay.

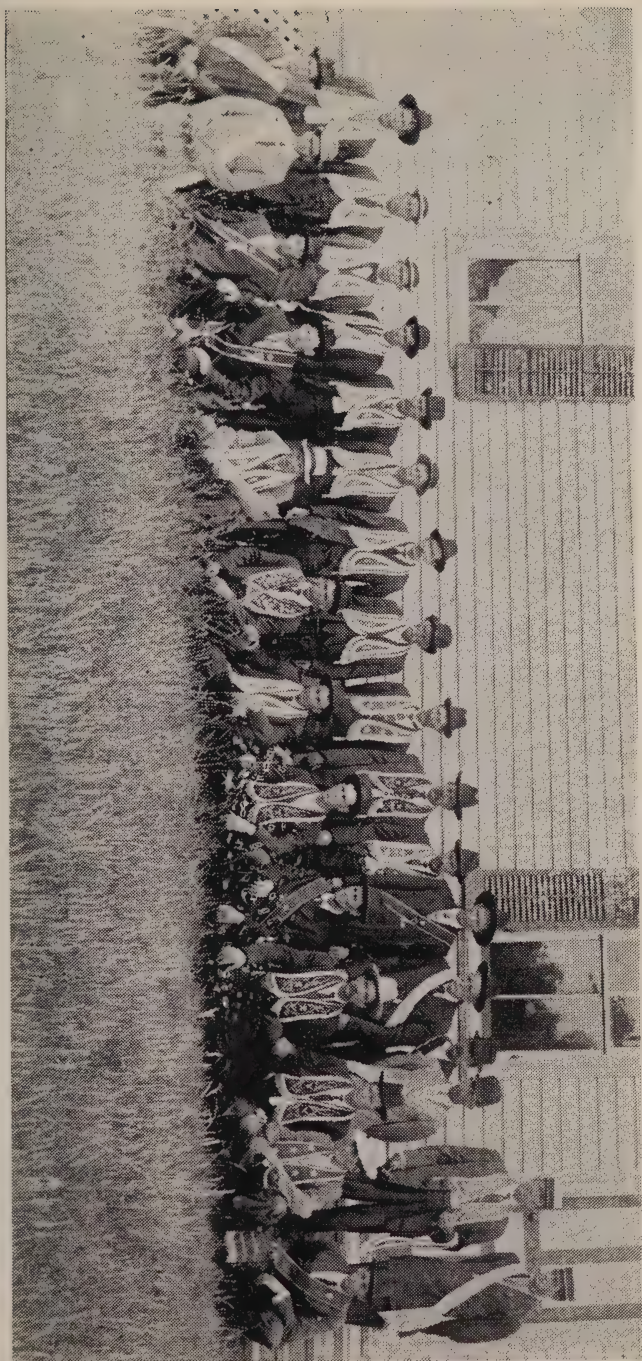
 Their bones may sleep in an unmarked grave,
 But God can find them on judgement day;
 They dug their graves both deep and wide,
 But, they had no sins there to hide.

To the reader of this little book, search your attics for old letters and other records for the early history of Carroll and surrounding counties.

(It is said that— James (Jim) Mahone was the first white man to have gone down "Shades of Death Valley".)

From left to right— Front row— Bud Marshall, Mart. I. Largen, Blane Newman, James Callahann, Posy Morris, Robert P. Gallimore, Ellis Jennings, Charles David Lindsey, Wm. Lee Jennings, R. B. Williams, Daniel Marshall, Rice Shockley, Hays Gallimore; Back row standing— James Wright, Sam T. Marshall, James (Jimmy) Marshall, (17), Robert A. Browder, Wm. Reece, John Callahan, Wm. Tolbert, John Webb, J. Calvin Quesinberry, Joseph S. Quesinberry, Walker Jennings, Jesse Pierce Lindsey, (27), Wade Hampton Smith, Henry Marshall, Ernest Dalton.

Will some one please identify number 17 and 27.



two thousand gallons of corn whiskey were brought into the case, a witness when asked about helping load a part of the whiskey stated—"He went to sleep about that time." I heard Atty. J. H. Rhudy of Galax, Va., in his argument before the jury make this statement—"There has been enough lies sworn in this trial to send every man, woman and child in this county to hell, and we admit our part of it. Your Honor—The Court has turned his back on the evidence, the jury has hung its head in shame and the angels in Heaven have veiled their faces, and poor old (Uncle Blank), like the soldiers guarding the tomb of Christ silently fell asleep."

HILLSVILLE, CARROLL COUNTY, VIRGINIA

Hillsville, Cranberry Plains (Pies); with a population of 20; Carrolltown and back to Hillsville; on Tazewell Court House Turnpike and Good Spur Trail.

When a boy in my early teens on a trip with my grandfather (John Morris) to his home between Hillsville and Sylvatus; while passing the Cemetery in the northern part of Hillsville, my grandfather pointed to an old tumbled down log building with briars and underbrush growing through and around the old cabin saying—"That was the old Quaker Church." As I remember it must have been 300 or more feet from the main road Rt. 52 and about 200 feet from the Beaver Dam Road. I have been told the Quakers settled this part of Hillsville, that around 1800 most of them moved on toward the west.

The second religious society I know about was south of Hillsville in the early years of 1800 and was organized as a Methodist Society by Rev. W. Thompson as early

as 1854. Some of the early members were—Sarah Ogles, H. H. Farmer, Mary Spencer, born 1816 and lived to be 84 years of age; Mary A. Dews, from Pittsylvania County, Va., was received into this society in 1879 by Rev. B. F. Nuckolls. Rev. Thompson was the first pastor of this society. Polly Ann Dean professed religion during a revival held by Rev. Sam Wheeler at this society prior to 1850.

Cranberry Plains (Cranberry Pies)

Legend—An old woman "Cranberry", went down on the creek west of Hillsville and near the bank of the creek picked some red berries which she found to be edible. Returning home she baked a red berry pie which was very delicious and enjoyed by all who ate of it. Thus—Cranberry Pie, Cranberry Creek, Cranberry —.

MARRS

In a letter from Rev. W. H. Marrs, Rt. 1, Tazewell, Va. He writes—"Joseph and John Marrs, two brothers came to Hillsville, Va., in the year 1759 or 60, and gives me the following records of the Marrs family."

John and Joseph Marrs were born in Germany of Jewish parentage. John never married. Joseph married a Jew, date of birth and name unknown. She died 1768 at Hillsville, Va., and from traditional records is buried in the old Hillsville Cemetery. John and Joseph died in the year 1778 in their late eighties, and are buried in Crab Orchard Graveyard, Tazewell County, Va.

Joseph and his wife had one son Samuel, born in Germany 1718, died in Tazewell, Va. 1800.

John, Joe and wife and their son Samuel, age 14 yrs. left Germany 1732 and came to France. Samuel married a French woman, 1759, given name "Sarah" died in 1795; parents and date of birth unknown. The five of them came to America and settled at Hillsville, Va. in the year 1759. Samuel died in 1800.

Sam and his wife Sarah had the following children we know about—Henry, born 1762, William, born at Hillsville, Va., James, born 1773, Christopher, born 1775 at Tazewell, Va.

John, Joseph, Samuel, wife Sarah and children moved to Tazewell, Va., in the year 1772.

According to the record of the Marrs family there was a settlement and graveyard at Hillsville prior to 1759. Perhaps many years as the older ones of the Marrs family spoke of the wife of Joseph Marrs being buried in the old graveyard at Hillsville, (Good Spur Trail. Said trail connecting with Tazewell Court House Turnpike near Hillsville). (As early as 1875 the Virginia Legislature passed an act to rebuild "Fancy Gap-Tazewell Court House Turnpike Road."

In 1793 the Methodist organized a society at Tazewell, Va. The Christian Church of Christ in 1858; the Marrs families being some of the first members of the early religious societies. John and Joseph Marrs taking part in the Indian wars in their old age in the year 1776, they being in their eighties. Their sons and grandsons taking an active part in the Revolutionary War and other wars defending America, many of them giving their lives. We owe a debt of gratitude to this family for these early records and their service to America.

North Carolina census for 1790 gives—Richard Marrs of Montgomery County, 2 males over 16 years of age, 3 males under 16, 4 females; John Marrs of Wake Co. 1 male over 16, 1 male under 16, 3 females.

Six miles south of Winston-Salem, N. C., and near Wallburg is Vernon Church and Cemetery; near upper center part of the Cemetery and about in line with the graves of Aaron Morris and his wife Jane, also Wm. Thomas Enochs, is a headstone in memory of Jonathan St—ard (two letters missing) Mars, engraved—"Blessed are tha that dy in the lord." (This copied May 19, 1935).

“BACKWARD TURN BACKWARD O! TIME IN YOUR FLIGHT”

I'd like to wander back to my boy-hood days; when they picked the geese every new moon; when they planted their garden, corn, sowed their wheat, rye, oats and buckwheat, by the signs and the moon. When we saved the walnuts, hickory nuts and peach seed to buy a pair of boots or shoes, to have them new for Christmas. Then we greased them with tallow every Saturday night to make them soft and look good for Sunday. Tanned a squirrel hide to make shoe strings, also to sew a patch on them when my toes cut through the toe of the shoe.

Yes I want to eat cracklin bread and drink spice-wood tea once more for my supper; get up next morning cut stove wood while mother gets breakfast; sop my bread through brown gravy, lick my knife and cut a hunk of pure cow butter (we had no margarine then), churned with an old up and down dasher in a wood churn; drink parched rye coffee for my breakfast; eat leather breeches beans, potatoes, turnips, seasoned with good old home made bacon that has been smoked with corn cobs or hickory chips. Drink water out of an old long handle gourd.

Yes, I want to play town ball, bull pen and tag with my old school chums; swap thumb papers, slip little love notes to the little girls. Get in the spelling match on Friday eve, spell words from the old blue back speller. Yes I want to get in that spelling class, cut down the big boys when they miss a word and get to stand at the head of the class. Stick a pin in the rear of one of the big boys, arranged in the toe of my shoe, just to see him jump. Oh! yes, I want to go back where they eat three meals a day, where they never use the word “lunch”. Shovel the food in my mouth with a fork and a big spoon till I burp.

“No dating for me” I want to go sparking, sit before a wide fire place, do my courting under the watchful eyes of my girl's parents. Hear her father say—“Ten

o'clock, it's bed time". On my way home hear the hoot owl say—"Whoo, whoo, are you" way down in some lonesome hollow.

I want to play in the dirt, bathe in the creek, eat sheep sorrel like a horse, eat oak balls, honey-suckles, long before vitamins, germs or termites were invented. When they gave you tea made from sheep balls for measles; peach-tree bark tea, scraped downward to move your bowels and scraped upward to check your bowels; boneset, vinegar, butter and honey tea, all mixed together for fever, croup and colds. Vaccination with a squirt gun made out of a needle was unknown.

I want to go back to the old Church again, hear the hogs grunting under the floor, hear them pitch the tune with a tuning fork. Hear the preacher tell sinners to repent and turn from their wicked ways or they would spend eternity in a lake that burnith with fire and brimstone forever. Would like to see a few tears among church members along with a hearty hand-shake. --

I would like to go hunting, hear some old hunter tell you if it was a red or grey fox the dogs were trailing or if it was a coon or possum. See him feel the bark on a tree and tell you which was the north side of the tree. Toss a rock in the creek and tell you how deep the water. Tell you that a toad always sits facing the moon; that a Methodist wore the seat of his pants out back-sliding and wore the knees of his pants out praying for forgiveness. On a cloudy day he could tell you the time of the day by the twitter of the birds, the low of the cow, the nicker of the horse and the bray of the ass. When not hunting he went to bed at dark and got up by the crow of the cock. He did not complain when he got covered with Spanish needles, cuckle burrs, seed ticks, beggar lice; but he did scratch when he got head lice. As for me, skip stumped toes, thorns and stone bruises.

I want to hear a horse neigh and an ass bray. A

cow low and a cock crow, a pig squeal and the old sow chomp her teeth. The bull bellow and the sheep bleat, a biddy chirp and the hen cluck.

I'd like to turn the spinning wheel, see a flax-hackle. I'd like to go to church in a hackney-coach, brougham, calash, hansom, landau. American two-spring wagon or an ox-wagon would be just fine.

I'd like to see a Candelabrum sitting on the center table with all lights burning. Watch a pawl and ratchet-wheel turn. See a pestle and mortar bowl and a wooden mixing bowl; a piggin, wooden wash tub and **battling** stick; pair of old steelyards; see a gyroscope and shoot at a black-gull with a bow and arrow.

The women saved all the shoe boxes to make splits for their bonnets and the men tanned coon skins to make hame strings.

Oh! how I want to whittle with a ten cent barlow knife; see a thunder-mug hid under the back door steps. I want to mend a trace chain with a splinter off an oak fence rail. We used them off chestnut fence rails for other purposes. I want to make a set of gears out of hickory bark for that calf down in the hog lot. Make a pop gun out of elder, shoot a wad of paper at the school marm.

I want to see a peggin awl sticking in the wall; see a wooden shoe last with the toe sticking under a corner cupboard and smell Arbuckle coffee that mother was parching in the old iron skillet on the coals before the open fire place. I'd like to see an inch auger, a set of gimlets, pa's drawing knife hanging on the kitchen wall; a wooden maul and a few gluts seasoning around the open fire place, for iron hammers and iron wedges were not in the stores and only made by the country blacksmith. I'd like to see a few pewter spoons, knives and forks; a home made table cloth and store towel, only to be used when the preacher came for dinner. A home made knife and fork, a tin cup, a stone jar with little

black knots along down the side that looked like hen—.

I'd like to see a turning lathe, a few chisels, frow, broadax, foot adz and an old wooden vice in the smoke house; smell the country ham and side meat hanging to the pole joist. Walk outside see a wooden home made bull tongue plow, home made hoes and mattock. See the old home made covered wagon with hell warpers in one wheel to hold the dish in the wheel; with an ox-yoke leaning on the hickory pole tongue. See the open top buggy with a sheep-skin seat and cow hide dash board.

Almost forgot to go up-stairs, see the old loom, watch grandmother shoot the shuttle through the warp, weaving cloth of the different colors to make dresses for the women folks, coats and britches for the men.

I want to spend Christmas at home, hang my sock on a nail under the fireboard, get up next morning find in my sock a stick of candy, one apple, an orange and a one cent pencil.

I want to see four knitting needles and a pillow sham. Hold a hank of yarn and see mother wind a ball and knit a pair of mittens. I want to see the side saddle hanging on a forked peg on the front porch and the satin riding skirt. Women did not ride a-straddle when I was a boy. I'd like to cross the yard fence on a stile and see a stepping block. Walk on a pair of stilts. See an under-shot water wheel; sit on the bank of the creek and fish with a bended pin for a hook, see the minnows nibble the bait while the periwenkles skip around.

What has become of the tailors goose, the old wooden bucket, the sun-dial, boot jack, reap hook, sythe, snathe, grain cradle, the powder horn and shot pouch; plow gears, yankee yoke, dish rag, meat skin, the one we used to grease the skillet?

I want to rock brother and sister in the old rocking-cradle, that went bumpy bump.

In 1900 a man worked from sun up till sun down for fifty cents. He went to the store, paid thirty cents for a poke of flour, ten cents for a pound of coffee, ten cents for a plug of browns mule and walked home broke but happy.

As a young man in 1902 just out of school I was offered a school as a teacher at fifteen dollars a month. The school session was four and five months in the year. I went to Mt. Airy, N. C. At a tobacco warehouse I was offered work at forty five cents a day, ten hours work. I went to the Surry Lounge Co. (Perrow Johns, manager) and went to work at fifty-five cents a day, ten hours, six days a week or three dollars and thirty cents for a weeks work.

After I learned to put bed lounges together they raised my wages to sixty five cents a day; then I bought my first suit of store clothes, paying \$6.00 for a worsted suit of J. W. Prather, the leading clothing store of Mt. Airy, fifteen cents extra for a cap to match the suit.

Some time later I was advanced to shipping clerk and the next pay day I received five dollars and ten cents for my weeks work, or eighty five cents for ten hours work and saved just a little money. First I paid two dollars a week for board and washing, as they raised my wages they went up on my board till I was paying two dollars and fifty cents a week.

In the spring the Surry Lounge Co. moved its business and equipment back to High Point, N. C., too far from home for me to follow them. I came home raised one acre of cabbage, crated them and hauled most of them to Mt. Airy a distance of fifteen miles for twenty five cents per hundred. At the end of the season I had some extra clothes about fifteen dollars in cash and a wagon I sold for ten dollars, for my summers work.

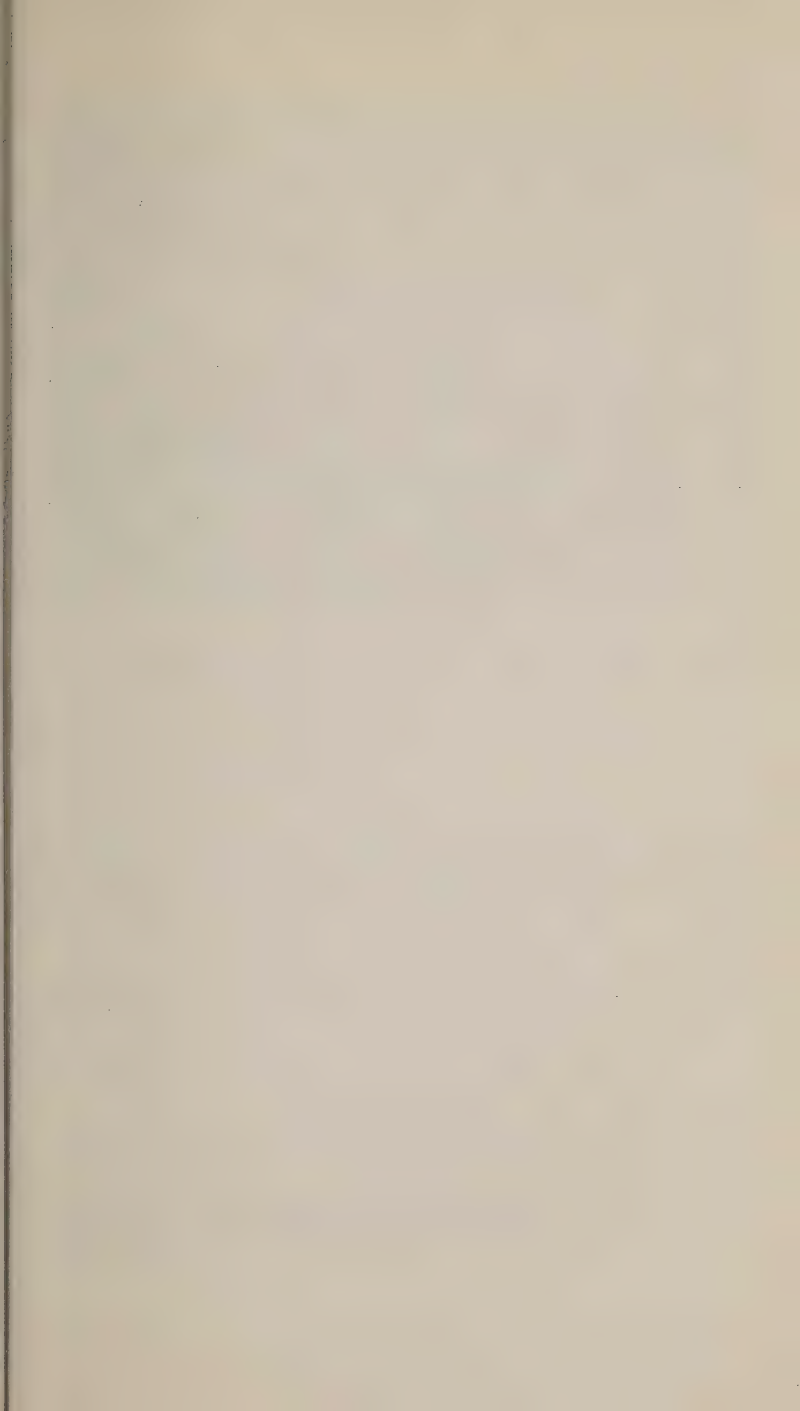
Girls did house work at fifty cents and one dollar per week' board included and wore quite a bit more clothes than they do now.

W. R. Morris



From left to right—Mrs. Robert J. (Nannie Carter) Gallimore, Mabel, Pearl, in back Arthur B., and Robert P. Gallimore, first N. G. Sylvatus Lodge No. 220 I. O; O, F.







Winston.Salem. Peddling, cabbage, apples, and chestnuts 1905

I want to light the tallow candle; crawl into a straw bed, filled with new straw just after threshing time and inhale the sweet odor. When frost begins to cover the ground I want to wear flannel drawers, a cotton check shirt, home wove jeans coat and breeches with one gal-lus. When spring comes I want to wade through the mud, see the mud squirt up between my toes, and make a mud pie.

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ADDITION TO ABRAHAM HAWKS FAMILY

The first Hawks I know about in America was John Hawks, a professional British Architect. He spent three years on the plans for the mansion for Gov. Tryon, at Newbern, N. C.

1790 census for Halifax District, Warren Co., N.C., gives Fredrick Hawks, 3 males over 16 years of age, 4 males under 16, 3 females, including heads of families.

The following is traditional unless otherwise stated.

Abraham Hawks, granted land near Lambsburg, Va., 1790. Ct. Rec. No dates of birth, death or former residence. Married first, unknown. Sons may have been— Alfred, Hardon, Thomas, Dalton, Edward, Drury, others' names not known.

Thomas Hawks. see "FOLK LORE etc." Volume 1, page 40. Also— Ct. record for Sept. 24, 1838, Grayson Co., Va. "Morris Davis was appointed to survey Flower Gap road from Big Branch near Thomas Hawks to the two mile rock." This rock was on the old Piper Gap road, above the Alf Morris place.

Thomas Hawks, married unknown. Had sons— Hught and Zeke. others not remembered. Daughters— Elizabeth, Eliza (married Jonathan Crofts). By a granddaughter of Eliza and Jonathan Crofts. Mrs. J. C. (Martha) Morris.

Edward Hawks, born Aug. 27, 1787, died Dec. 6, 1848, married unknown. Their children were— Gentry, b. May 16, 1812. Ruth, b. May 7, 1817. Menervy, b. Mar. 21, 1821, Thursev, b. Apr. 3, 1823. T. Thirsey, b. Apr. 3, 1828, Golliugh, b. Oct. 2, 1829, Martin, b. Apr. 5, 1831. Bible.

Abraham Hawks, married 2nd, name unknown, from S.C. and went back to S.C. No children we know about.

Abraham Hawks, married 3rd, Elizabeth Payne, b. 1784, d. 1868 (by Gene Crotty). (Elizabeth, daughter of Zack and

Elizabeth Payne or Pain. See Rowan Co., N. C. census for 1790. Or she may have been a daughter of Nathaniel Payne. See deed book 3, page 332 for 1816, Grayson Co., Va.). It is said they had fifteen children by this marriage, and that Mrs. Hawks had to wind her way through the children when they were all in the house. Three of their sons were- Nathaniel, Henry and Robert (Bob) Hawks. Others may have been Martin, Andrew, William, John, James, Calvin. Others not remembered.

Nathaniel Hawks, (see other records in this book), and Nancy Hanks Hawks had children- Wash., Orville, b. 1848, d. 1893 (married Elizabeth Malinda Combs), Osburn, Jeff, Billy. Daughters-- Eliza, Zilphia (mother of Cabell Carlin); Elizabeth (married Edwards). Verified by D. B. Hawks Sr.

Robert (Bob) Hawks, married unknown. Children- Dick, Shack, Long Dan, and Newell. Daughters- Betty and Mickey, went to Missouri and died there. (By Earl Hawks, son of Newell).

Henry Hawks, (see other records in this book). I have learned he was a son by the last marriage of Abraham Hawks.

Solomon Hawks, may have been a son of Harden Hawks and brother of Hard's Dan; married Nancy Gardner- from marriage record of Andrew B. Hawks, married Jane Stoneman, Jan. 8, 1857. Other sons besides Andrew were- John, went west, James, Silas and Calvin.

Many of this family left South Carroll County in the early years of 1800 for the far west and were never heard of that we know about.

We are led to believe that Abraham Hawks was related to the New England Hawks families, as they carry the same family names. The New England Hawks family trace their ancestry back to England as early as the twelfth century.

